

Affair

by BooksBeforeLife

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Summary: Raven and Nero have been having an affair for a year. What happens when something happens and neither of them know how to deal with it? Read and review. Rated T mostly for language and a bit of content. Sequel discontinued.

1. Chapter 1

****Disclaimer: I own nothing.****

****This story takes place after Zero Hour but Aftershock never happened and it will never happen but there may still be characters you meet in Aftershock.****

I can't bring myself to stand up. _He needs to see you_, I tell myself, _It's probably an assignment! Get up! _But I can't. Not after this. I don't feel like I can move.

I can't believe what I've done to myself.

**One month earlier**

My eyelids flutter open and I examine my surroundings. I'm in Max's bed. Not surprising. After all, I've been having an affair with him for two years.

He's not here anymore. He must've had a class. I sit up, gather my clothes, and put them on. I fiddle with my hair until I look presentable and I pull out my Blackbox.

"H.I.V. ," I say, "Is there anyone outside Nero's rooms?"

"Not at this time," H.I.V. replies.

"Thank you," I tell him, "That will be all." I place the Blackbox inside my pocket and silently slip into the hallway.

I look at my schedule and smile. I have training with Wing in ten minutes. I hurry down to the training area and wait patiently for him.

"You were wearing that yesterday," Wing notes as he walks in the door. "Why did you not change?"

"Because this was still fairly clean and I didn't need to," I lie and he nods at me. "Now, let's start."

I toss him a wooden katana and he changes his stance to defensive. I make a swift strike at his ribs which he barely manages to block. I take that as a moment of weakness and strike his left side, slowing just before I hit so I don't injure him.

"Never let your guard down on your opposite side," I instruct, "If this were a real fight I would've just killed you."

He goes for my right hip and makes contact and I whack his neck. "Even when you hit you need to watch because your blow may not be fatal."

We go on like this for an hour before I finally say, "You have a class to get to. Your lesson is now over but don't forget what I said if you somehow get in a fight."

He spots Shelby Trinity and walks off in her direction. I head towards my room to make up for the rest I didn't get last night.

I lie down in my bed, not even bothering to take off yesterday's outfit.

My Blackbox awakens me. "Yes?" I say to H.I.V. .

"Dr. Nero would like to see you in his office," H.I.V. informs me, "He has a project he wants you to work on."

I groan and pull myself out of bed. I strip out of the clothing I was wearing and put on something clean before I go down to Max's office.

When I step inside, I see Otto Malpense and Laura Brand sitting in two chairs on the other side of his desk. "What do you need, Dr. Nero?" I ask.

"Mr. Malpense and Ms. Brand have gotten into a bit of trouble," Max tells me, "Would you be so kind and walk them back to their quarters?"

"Of course," I nod at him, "Is that all?"

"No. Come back to my office after you escort Mr. Malpense and Ms. Brand back to their rooms," Max orders.

I step out of his office behind Otto and Laura and walk them down the hall. They exchange multiple looks and giggles.

After I leave Laura at her quarters I go back to Nero's office. "Natalya," he motions for me to come in. "I have the new intakes

ready. Can you have the retrieval tomorrow?"

"Of course," I tell him and he gives me the list. I walk out and frown. I have an Alpha stream student as always but she seems . . . difficult. She's run a company of assassins for three years. It's not a big company or a very successful one but assassins are dangerous. You always need to expect the unexpected.

I shoot her with the sleeper and she drops to the floor, unconscious. I pick her up and start walking toward the Shroud.

I feel a sharp pain in my shoulder and spin around raising my sleeper. A man, around my age, is standing 20 feet away from me holding a pistol. I don't even think before I shoot him.

He falls to the ground and I run to the Shroud, ignoring the blinding pain in my shoulder. I put her in a bed and head to the medical bay.

"What happened to you?" the young doctor asks, observing my shoulder.

"I obviously got shot," I snap at the doctors stupidity. "Am I going to die?" The last part is sarcastic.

"No, of course not!" the doctor tells me, looking scared, "You'll be just fine. The bullet only grazed you. You'll have a nasty scar, though."

I let him work on my shoulder while I get back the results of all the other retrievals. Everything, as always, goes by smoothly.

The Shroud eventually lands and I get out, shoulder wrapped in a band aid. I watch Max give his speech to the Alpha intakes and I watch them leave. "I take it not everything went perfect in your retrieval," he says to me.

"It was okay. Some guy shot me but that was the only real problem. I'll live," I smile at Max and he smiles back.

"Will I see you in my living quarters tonight," he asks me and I laugh silently.

"Indeed you will, Max," I tell him, "Indeed you will. Also, I have to wake up early tomorrow and you're a light sleeper so I thought you should know ahead of time."

"I will see you at nine, my dear Raven, and I will look forward to it," he has a mischievous glint in his eyes."

"Me too, my dear Max, me too."

There's the first chapter. This is my first H.I.V.E. fanfiction so please don't be too hard on me. I really, really, **_really**_** appreciate reviews!**

2. Chapter 2

**3 weeks later**

I awake to a throbbing in my head. I get up and step into the shower. The warm water feels good against my head and soothes my headache.

I don't have anything to do today- a fact that makes me happy but annoyed at the same time. I can't sit around and do nothing.

I step out of the shower and run to the toilet. I throw up yesterday's dinner and sigh. I must've gotten some sort of virus.

I call Max on my Blackbox and tell him that I'm sick. He told me he could take care of himself until I felt better.

Now, back to trying to figure out what to do today. A thought pops into my head. I could read a book. I haven't done that in a while. I'm sure there's some good books in the library. I should do that.

I put on some clean clothes and make my way to the library. Most of the students are surprised to see me and I quickly walk to the back of the library. I know that's where all of the good books are.

I climb up the ladder and pull out a mystery novel. I read the summary and it doesn't sound too bad so I check it out.

My favorite thing about mystery novels is noticing other peoples mistakes and making sure I don't make them. The people in these stories are really pretty stupid. Careless mistakes.

Anyway, some guy gets murdered and this detective named Marianne tries to find out who killed him but she continuously misses obvious clues. Go figure.

I finish the book in about four hours and tap on the side of the chair, bored. I pull out my Blackbox and look at a few pictures from my past. Max got a hold of them a few years ago and downloaded them onto my Blackbox. I really had a horrible childhood.

My hair was longer back then. It was also lighter. I was always small for my age. I shot up when I was sixteen. My face was sad. I face made it look like I was five or six years older than I was. My eyes were dead.

"Wow," I say to myself, "I was so sad. If not for the glasshouse, I could've been . . . normal."

I quickly let it go and go back to looking at my pictures.

I go down to the dining room to get some food and instantly wish I hadn't. The sight of some of the food makes me nauseous. I hurry back to my room and throw up. Viruses tend to throw me off my game.

I decide to go downstairs for food later, when no one's there. I sit down on my bed and call Nero on my Blackbox. "Is there _anything_ I can do?"

"Natalya, I'm sorry. H.I.V.E. appears to be running smoothly for once in a lifetime," he replies, apologetically.

"Okay," I say into the Blackbox, "Fine. What time is it?"

"3:45. Why?" Nero tells me.

"I should probably go eat something," I mutter under my breath.

"You haven't eaten anything yet?" he asks with a worried tone, "Natalya, you've missed two meals already."

"Max, I've missed far more than two meals in my life. I think I'll be okay. You worry far too much."

"Promise me you'll go and eat right now," Max says, ignoring me.

"Max, I promise." I sigh and put my Blackbox down. I go and eat far more food than I usually do. I guess Max was right. I must've been really hungry.

I look at my Blackbox and see that it's five o'clock. Four more hours until I can even dream of sleep.

"What to do," I whisper to myself, "What to do."

A thought finally occurs to me. The doctor said I should go and see him in a few days to look at my bullet wound to make sure it's healing.

I walk into the rooms and approach the doctor that removed the bullet from my shoulder when I got back to H.I.V.E..

"You wanted to see me," I get his attention.

"Ah, yes," he walks over to me and I sit down on a bed. He touches my shoulder a few times and asks questions like, "Does this hurt?" or "Does it feel fine when you move it?"

"Okay," the doctor announces, "Your shoulder will be back to normal in a few days. Do you need anything else?"

"How long do viruses usually last?" I ask him.

"About two days." He informs me, "If you're not better by then come back and I'll see what's wrong."

"Thank you, doctor," I say as I leave. Just one more day.

**3 days later**

Since I still feel like shit, I go back to the medical bay.

"Doctor," I say loudly. "I'm still sick."

"Okay, so tell me the symptoms," the doctor orders. I list the many symptoms I've had and the doctor writes them down on his notepad.

"That's it," I tell him when I finish. He leads me to a private room and runs a few tests. It takes a few minutes to get the results so the doctor decides to make small talk.

"So," he starts awkwardly, "Do you know your parents?"

"No," I reply, "They died when I was a baby. I got sent to an orphanage, which I hated, so I ran away when I was seven and lived on the street and stole to make money. Then, the Furans kidnapped me and trained me to be an assassin. After that they killed my two only friends and sent me to kill Nero which didn't exactly work out."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he tells me. "That must've been horrible."

"I got out of it fifteen years ago. I've been here ever since," I say, "The point is it was a long time ago."

"I understand," he gets the results and stares at them unbelieving.

"What?" I ask nervously, "Is it bad?"

"That depends," he tells me. "It depends on your definition of bad and your personality."

I look at him expectantly. "I . . . um . . . you're pregnant."

****Yeah, I don't think I made that one very hard to guess but it took me awhile to write this chapter and it takes like 1 minute (if that) to review so please, please do so.****

3. Chapter 3

"Excuse me!?" I exclaim, "Did I hear you right?"

"I'm afraid you did . . . I'm sorry," the doctor says unsurely.

I curse loudly in Russian. Then again. And again. "This stays between us," I tell the doctor, "Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

The doctor nods, knowing perfectly well what I will do to him if this goes public. "You are free to leave if you wish," he motions toward the door.

"Just one more thing," I say, "How . . . far along am I?"

"A little under four weeks," he replies.

As I walk through the door I feel like I've been punched in the gut. This can't be happening to me. I'm the world's deadliest assassin. How deadly will I be when I have an eight pound baby in my uterus?

I go back to my room and collapse on the bed. I should have known when I missed my period. I should have known that I was knocked up. But-unfortunately- at the time I didn't think anything of it. It's happened before.

My Blackbox makes a sound and I pick it up. "This is Raven," I say to Nero's image.

"Are you feeling better?" he asks me kindly.

"Much," I lie.

"Good because I have something I need you to do," Max tells me, "Come down to my office and we'll go."

I can't bring myself to stand up. _He needs to see you_, I tell myself, _It's probably an assignment! Get up! _But I can't. Not after this. I don't feel like I can move.

I can't believe what I've done to myself.

"Come on, Raven," I order through gritted teeth, "Get up and go to Max's office. Just wait until the right time to tell him."

My legs still refuse to move. I ignore the fight my legs give and manage to stand up and start walking down the hall.

Once I start it's easy. I get to Nero's office in no time and lean against his wall.

"Natalya! I'm so happy to see you're well again," Nero smiles at me, "I have a G.L.O.V.E. meeting today. Would you come along?"

"Of course," I force a smile, "Are we leaving now?"

"Yes," Nero answers, getting out of his seat. "I prepared a Shroud already so we're good to go."

I nod and practically run to the hangar bay. I immediately see the Shroud and fumble down to the passengers' compartment. I fall into a chair and look at my hands.

Nero comes down soon after me and I feel the Shroud take off. I stay silent, afraid if I talk my secret might come out.

"Natalya? Are you sure you're alright? You seem slightly . . . out of it or . . . distressed," Max appears genuinely worried.

"I'm fine, Max. I was just thinking," I don't look up from my hands.

"What are you thinking about? I haven't seen you in days. What's on your mind?" _Your damn baby that's growing inside me and how the hell we're going to raise him/her is what's on my mind! Stop asking these nosy questions! _Is what part of my brain tells me to say but I push it away.

"I was looking at my childhood photos a few days ago. I was merely thinking about how sad I looked. I wish I was the only child who ever had to grow up like that," and now I'm thinking about the baby in me and how I don't want it to be like me at all in the way it grows up and turns out.

"I'm sorry about that," Nero tells me, "If I had known it would cause you sadness I wouldn't have given them to you."

"No," I say firmly, " I'm glad I have them. It reminds me that things always have the potential to be better."

"I'm glad you see it that way," Nero perks up, "We're going to Russia by the way. Not where you grew up but in St. Petersburg. We're having the meeting underneath the building."

"How is the new ruling council?" I ask him.

"Pretty good. There are many rebels from the former ruling council though. It's the main reason I brought you here," he informs me for the third or fourth time this month.

"Where should I wait during the meeting?" I ask him.

"Wait outside the building. If you hear, see, or feel something strange come right in and tell the man the word puppet," Nero replies. "Have your katanas ready."

I pat my back as if to say: they always are. We stop talking after this and all my baby thoughts come flowing back.

How will I tell Max? What should I name the baby? How will I tell Max? What will other people do when it's obvious? How will I tell Max? How much will I have to give up for the infant in my stomach? How will I tell Max? How the fuck will I be a mother? How will I tell Max?

I guess there's one main question on my mind. I guess I'll just wait until the time is right. _Oh, another one: Will Max hate me after he finds out?_

Why is this so tough!? The worst part is knowing that it's only going to get worse from here. _Think happy thoughts, Raven! Think happiness, and innocence, and joy, and . . . children. Why did my mind have to land on that. Kill me. Kill me now._

"Natalya!" Max waves his hand in front of my face.

"Sorry," I shake my head. "I was daydreaming. It doesn't matter. What were you saying before?"

"We've landed. It's time to get out," he tells me. I push myself up out of my seat and walk out the compartment door. As I step out of the Shroud I can't seem to shake the feeling that something really, _really_ bad is about to happen.

****I am pretty proud of this chapter! This update was quick and I managed to stay on my computer way longer than I'm allowed to because I'm with my dad and he doesn't care! Plus, I think this was actually a good chapter and it has a good ending! I worked hard on this so please review!****

4. Chapter 4

"Max," I say nervously, "Something's up. Something's not right here. Be careful."

"I can sense it too Natalya," he replies, "Don't worry. I'll be safe."

I nod at him and hurry across the parking lot. I check to make sure

my grappler is firmly strapped to my wrist and press the button. I fly up to the top of the building and hop onto the roof of the building.

I take a seat near the edge and watch as Max makes his way into the building. I keep my eyes peeled on the ground and the sky.

It's a nice day. It's warmer than Russia usually is this time of year. The sky is clear and the sun is shining down on all of Russia.

I suddenly get a feeling that I've grown far too accustomed to. I don't know how to describe it. It's a feeling I don't know how to describe. I guess it's a some sort of strange, tingling feeling. Anyway, it means danger is near.

I jump off the building and fire my grappler in order to slow my descent but I still hit the ground hard. I groan and sprint into the building.

There's a tall and muscular African-American man sitting on a chair by the wall. "Puppet," I mutter.

"I'm sorry but I can't let you in there," he says as I dash to a door.

"And why not?" I raise my voice slightly.

"Because of this." he pulls out a gun and I react instantaneously. I jump to the side as a bullet whizzes past my ear. I lunge at him and knock the gun out of his hand. I slash at him with my glowing purple katana and he's dead.

"Something tells me there's more of you," I whisper to the dead body.

I run into the room and announce, "It's time to leave. We're under attack."

No one needs to be told twice. It takes less than twenty seconds for the room to be evacuated. I usher everyone down the hall and out the door.

We're met by seven men with heavy duty guns. "Damn it," Max curses.

They're a good sixty feet away though, which means I have a chance to get at least some of them to Nero's Shroud.

"Just run to the Shroud!" I shout to the former Alphas and Nero. "I'll take care of them. Just go as fast as you can!"

"Be safe, Natalya," Max yells to me.

They all dash towards the Shroud and I run toward the men with the guns. I whack the first guy on the back of the neck with my hand and he crumples to the floor, unconscious.

I grab his gun and shoot three of the other men. The three remaining run to me, shooting. I do a flip and cut two of them in half. For the

last, I shoot him in the head.

As I run toward the Shroud, I only see three dead bodies on the ground. I see one woman in her mid-fifties, struggling for life. I scoop her up and run to the Shroud.

"Get her to the medical bay, now," I hiss at the first person I see. He quickly obliges.

"Are you okay?" Nero asks me.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Then why is your arm bleeding?" Nero asks.

"Damn it," I mutter as I look at the bullet wound in my arm, "If I'm not careful, I'm gonna kill this b-" I cut myself off.

"You're going to kill what?" Max asks raising an eyebrow.

"N-nothing," I stutter, "Just myself. I'm going to get myself killed."

"Okay," Max seems a little surprised at my reaction but continues, "But I'm ordering you to go to the medical bay and get that looked at."

I quickly scurry to the rooms and I see the doctor that told me I was pregnant. "I never did catch your name." I say to him.

"Henry," he tells me, "How are you feeling? Have you had any really bad hormones yet?"

"I'm fine, no, and please don't speak so loudly. Everyone onboard the bloody Shroud can hear you! What do you not understand about this being a secret?" I snap. "Will you check look at my arm. I managed to get myself shot again."

He lifts it gingerly. "The first one was worse. We won't have to operate on you because the bullet went straight through. You'll need a lot of gauze though. Also, you should probably have monthly check ups . . . for the baby."

"I know." I look at my hands as Henry wraps my forearm in gauze. "I'm starting to understand why Wing doesn't like firearms."

"Who's Wing?" Henry asks curiously.

"A student at H.I.V.E. I tutor him in fighting. He refuses to use firearms for any reason. Probably because he shot and killed his dad," I inform Henry.

"That's awful," Henry says. "Why'd he shoot him?"

"His dad was a psychopath and was trying to kill Wing's best friend," I tell him.

"Oh." Henry knows it's a stupid response but has a lack of words so he says it anyway. "You can leave if you're ready."

"Thank you," I say.

I walk back to the passengers compartment. "Where are we going to take them?" I ask Max, gesturing to the former Alphas.

"Back to H.I.V.E.," Max tells me. "I don't think we have any other choice."

"Do you remember what happened last time we did that?" I ask him. "H.I.V.E. was attacked and I was infected with Animus fluid."

"Natalya, I can assure you that will not happen again," Max says, "This time it will be fine."

"Whatever you say, Max," I slide into a chair and tilt my head back. This pregnancy thing really takes it out of you.

"You seem different, Natalya," Max puts his hand on my forehead but pulls it away when his hand doesn't get warmer. "Do you have a headache? Nausea? Anything?"

"I'm fine. I'm only exhausted. I'll get some rest when we get back to H.I.V.E. but other than that, it's just your imagination." _And one other thing but I still don't know how to tell you and the worst part is, I know I have to._

I am on a roll! I usually don't update this fast but I did today so REVIEW! Thanks to everyone who has reviewed and please continue to review!

5. Chapter 5

I escort a few members of the council to their new rooms before heading to mine to rest. I've been really tired ever since I found out I was pregnant.

On my way to my room I see Wing in the hall and he asks, "Are we training tomorrow?" I nod and add, "Same time as last practice."

I call it a night early and fall asleep.

My H.I.V. alarm clock goes off and I put on a pair of black pants and a plain white T-shirt before I head down to train Wing. I don't have any morning sickness today which is surprising but I think it's a good sign.

I warm up as I wait for Wing. I still feel off though because of the human growing inside of me.

"Hello," Wing says as he approaches. "What are we doing today?"

"Hand fighting," I tell him, forming a defensive stance.

He jabs at side and I quickly block and knee him in the side. He jumps backwards and aims a kick at my knee which I jump and he falls over. I pull him up and we start again.

About ten minutes later, Wing gets a solid kick to my abdomen and I stagger backwards clutching my stomach. It knocks the wind out of me but it's not just that. It's . . . it's that I don't know the harm it could cause the baby.

"Whoah, whoah, whoah," I bend over, still clutching my stomach. "Not there. Not today."

Wing studies me carefully before announcing, "You are pregnant." It was a statement, not a question and I nod.

"How?" he asks me.

"How do you think it happened, Wing? I had an affair and I made a mistake. Because of that mistake, I'm knocked up. That is why you shouldn't have sex until you're married," I tell him. Then I realize that's what I said. "Oh my god, I sound like one of those Catholic high-school teachers/ mothers."

"It's your motherly hormones kicking in," Wing sits down next to me on the floor. "It happened to my third-grade teacher when she had her baby."

"Who's the father?" Wing questions. "There isn't exactly a wide selection here at H.I.V.E. if you know what I mean."

"Wing, that's a nosy question and it's none of your business. Sadly, I know that you won't be able to resist passing this on to your friends and pretty soon everyone in the school will know about it. That will help my reputation." That last part is sarcastic.

"I will not tell Otto, Laura, Shelby, Nigel, or Franz," Wing looks slightly offended, "I do not wish to make you uncomfortable."

"Thanks, Wing," I say genuinely, "You're like the little brother I never had. Of course, this is the hormones talking and not me but enjoy it while you can."

I pull him up and slap him on the back. My Blackbox makes a noise and Nero pops up on screen. I smile at him and he says, "Could you come to my office if you aren't too busy?"

"I'll be there in a few minutes," I tell him, "Just finishing up Wing's lesson."

"Bye."

"If you ever need anything ask me and I'll be happy to help," Wing seems serious.

"Don't push it," I tell him.

"What are you guys talking about?" Shelby Trinity comes up behind us. "Shouldn't you be fighting or something?"

"Reviewing his lesson," I scowl at her and she backs away from me. I turn to Wing, "You're free to go."

I turn and hurry to Max's office. "What do you need?" I ask him as I close the door.

"There's someone we need to be dead. His name is Finn Ulysses. We have no idea where he is and I need someone to find him," Max tells me, "You're the best."

"How long will it take?" I ask.

"At least six months, could be seven," he tells me. It will take longer than that. The farther along I get the slower I'll be. Chances are I'll have the the baby before I finish finding him.

"I-I can't," I tell him.

"Why not? Raven, you've never turned down an assignment before," Max looks at me like I'm crazy.

"I just can't," I say stupidly.

"That's not good enough for me," Nero's face gets dark and serious. "Something's wrong and you won't tell me what it is. If you don't I'll force you to go."

I'm quite taken aback. Nero's never forced me to do anything before. It's not like him. Suddenly, all the fight goes out of me. "I don't know how to say it. Call Henry. He's a doctor in the medical bay. Tell him I said to tell you."

Max pulls out his Blackbox and contacts Henry. "Yes, Dr. Nero," I recognize Henry's voice.

"Raven said that you could tell me what's wrong with her," Nero says sternly.

I wince at Henry's next words. "She's pregnant."

"Thank you," Max manages to keep a straight face until he puts his Blackbox down. After that, he puts his head in his hands.

"I'm sixty-three years old, Natalya," Max mutters, "How is this going to work?"

"I don't know, Max. It messes up everything," I shake my head and look at my feet.

"This is not a good time for this to happen." Max punches his desk.

"You're not going to let me out of H.I.V.E. for another eight months, are you?" I grumble. I hate being under lock up.

"Definitely," Max says, not looking up.

"We're fucked, aren't we?" I ask.

"Yep, completely screwed," Max pulls out his Blackbox. "I guess I have to report to G.L.O.V.E. that you'll be out for the next ten months."

"I'll be fine for at least five more months," I roll my eyes.

"Not as an assassin you won't," Max is putting his fist down on the matter and it pisses me off.

I open the door to his office and yell, "Max, you have to stop sheltering me! I can take care of myself!" I storm off.

****Please review! ****

6. Chapter 6

I find myself in a storage closet after storming down the hall. I kick a hole in the wall and curse in Russian. I sit on an overturned bucket and mutter angrily to myself.

I know H.I.V. knows exactly where I am and my Blackbox has a tracker. I stomp out of the closet and back to my room. I jump onto my bed and cry into my pillow. The last time I cried must've been ten years ago. It feels unnatural but I let it all out.

A few minutes later, I hear a knock on my door. "What?" I growl.

"Natalya, we have to talk about this some time! I'm not going to come in without your permission!" he yells back at me.

"Leave me alone! We'll talk later," I sob back at him.

"I'm not leaving! Natalya, please let me in! There are multiple members of the staff looking at me like I'm crazy," he snaps.

"Fine," I sniff. I wipe my eyes and move to open the door but I instantly swing it shut. Professor Pike is standing with him.

"Natalya, let me in."

"Max, this is supposed to be a private talk!" I cry a bit more. "And you brought Pike! What does he have to do with anything! Are Colonel Francisco and Ms. Leon out there too?! Fuck off!"

"He has good insight on the situation, Natalya! He knows a lot about this kind of stuff and we could use some help!" Max reasons.

"I already know everything! Anastasia taught all the girls back at the Glasshouse!" I hiss at him.

"Natalya, people are starting to stare!"

I finally relent and sob, "Just let yourself in!"

They both walk in and I pull my blankets over my head and continue crying into my pillow. Max comes and sits down on my bed, stroking my short hair.

Pike clears his throat. "Would someone care to enlighten me on the current situation?" he asks.

"What . . . do . . . you . . . mean?" I sniff.

"Max just told me to come with him and he led me to your rooms," Pike informs me. "I have no idea why I'm here but there appears to be a problem."

I nod at Max and he explains, "I have recently found out that Natalya is pregnant and have sentenced her to lock up."

"Who knows besides you two?" Pike asks.

"Henry and Wing." Nero's eyebrows shoot up at this.

"Who's Henry?" Pike asks as Max asks, "Why did you tell Mr. Fanchu?"

I wipe my eyes and turn to Professor Pike. "Henry is a doctor." I turn to Max. "_I _didn't tell Wing. He figured it out himself. We were training and he kicked me in the abdomen. I panicked. He realized it and I confirmed it. He's not a good liar. Otto or Shelby will get it out of him before long."

"Shit," mutters Nero.

"Who's the father?" Pike asks.

Max raises his hand and Professor Pike nearly chokes. "You're the father!?" he stutters. "You're more than thirty years older than her!"

"Do you have a point, professor?" Max asks sternly.

"No. I'm just a bit surprised," Pike replies swiftly.

"Before long rumors will be found in all corners of the school. We should prepare for some hell," I murmur. "I'm gonna get so fat."

"I'll work on a schedule we can follow after the baby is born," Pike tells us. "It will allow you both time to do most of your usual work. It will need a mother more than a father during its first couple of months. I'll order a crib too. And some baby toys and bottles."

"Thank you, professor," I say to him as I stand up. "If you don't mind, I need a shower."

A few days later, I walk through the hallway looking for something to do. I notice Shelby, Otto, and Laura surrounding Wing trying to get him to answer a question. He finally mutters something and all of their jaws drop open. Looks like the cat's out of the bag. Wing's eyes slide over to me. I'm sorry: he mouths.

I just shake my head and keep walking- ignoring the four pair of eyes glued to my back. I hurry to Max's office and walk in without knocking.

"He told them," I inform Max. "Wing told Shelby, Laura, and Otto. Before long Franz and Nigel will know and Franz can't keep his mouth

shut."

"It was only a matter of time," Max tells me. "Before too long you'd start showing and the rumors would be even worse."

"I guess but I'm still not thrilled about this whole thing," I mutter. "Max, I'm going to be a horrible mother."

"No, Natalya, you'll be a great mother. You've managed to keep most of the students alive all these years. You are naturally protective of children and the people you care about."

"I'll be able to keep it from dying," I say. "That's not all it takes to be a mom! Being a dad is easy- I'm stuck with the real work!"

"Natalya, I'm sure you'll be a great mother. That reminds me, you have an appointment with Henry tomorrow to check up on the baby and get a sonogram photo and video," Max kisses my cheek and exits the office.

"Do you want to know the gender?" Henry asks and I nod. I think I want a girl. I always pictured myself wanting a boy but something inside me screams: I want a girl!

"It's a girl."

YES! my head screams. "She's perfectly healthy." He hands me the sonogram photo and DVD and smiles but there's something behind it that I can't place. It makes me uneasy but I smile back at him.

"Can I have another picture?" I ask him and he hands it to me.

As I change back into my normal clothes I notice Henry's eyes on me. I turn away from him and finish changing. I stuff the pictures and DVD into my pocket so the corners are sticking out.

I head straight to Max's room and knock on the door. He lets me in and I hand him one of the pictures. "Boy or girl?" he asks.

"Girl," I reply. He wraps me in a warm embrace.

"Let's watch the video," Max suggests.

For most people it would be the most boring video ever seen but for me it's spectacular.

I suddenly realize how lucky I am that I'm having this baby. There's a human being growing inside of me. I know in an instant that not only do I want it- I think I love it.

****So, I'm thinking about doing some chapters from Nero's point of view. Yes or no? Tell me in a review! :D****

7. Chapter 7

****I got some no's and some yes's for Nero's POV so this chapter is half and half. Enjoy!****

****Nero's POV****

"Come on, Theodore," I rush. "Her training with Wing ends in three minutes! We have to be done by then!"

"We just need to add your ornament onto the mobile. All the others are on," Pike tells me with a smile.

I fasten the framed picture onto the string in the middle. Just as I pull away, Raven opens the door yawning.

She breathes in sharply when she sees the main teaching staff standing in her bedroom. "Why is everyone here?" she asks. "Max, you know I'm not a people person."

"That's hardly a way for a soon-to-be mother to be talking," Colonel Francisco jokes.

Raven gives him an icy glare before giving me that same glare. "Back to my question," she says sharply. "Why are you standing in my bedroom?"

We all step aside so she can see what we set up. Her hand moves to cover her mouth as she chokes on a sob.

A yellow crib is in the corner with lavender blankets. There's a fancy diaper changing station next to it that is purple. The crib is full of stuffed animals that the heads of the teaching staff picked out. There's a stuffed white cat- courtesy of Ms. Leon- a big black teddy bear armed with a pretend water balloon- thanks to Colonel Francisco- an old gray owl with spectacles- Pike was very insistent on that one- and finally- from me- a little, tan dog with floppy ears.

My favorite part, however, is the mobile. Ms. Leon, Colonel Francisco, Professor Pike, and I all made too ornaments- one representing our special characteristics and one something about Raven. I made a special one for the center also. Ms. Leon's ornaments are a glowing collar and the Russian flag. From Colonel Francisco: a machine gun (I find it sad that a baby will have a mini machine gun hanging over her bed but that's Colonel Francisco for you) and a grappler. Professor Pike gives her some small blueprints and (my second favorite) a pair of glittering katanas.

For my part, I made a cut out of a mother, father, and child and I also made a red heart. The other ornament I did was the photo from the sonogram. ****(A/N: totally stole that from the New Normal when they hang the sonogram photo on the tree)****

Tears form around the edges of Raven's eyes. "I'm not gonna cry," she orders herself, "This is all hormones." She looks at the mobile and then back at us. "I especially love the mobile. It has so many memories stuffed into ornaments. The flag, for example, reminds me of my living on the streets before the Glasshouse and of Dmitri and Tolya. I've used my grappler and my katanas more times than I can count. Plus, I love the little things that scream your names. Oh, and the sonogram photo . . ."

She chokes on another sob and I wrap her in a hug. "Do you like it?" I ask her quietly.

"Max, it's perfect." She wipes her eyes on my shirt. She turns to face the others, "Thank you so much. It means a lot to know I have people like you and Wing and . . . Henry." She seems to consider before she says Henry. I wonder if something happened. She picks up on my wonderment and adds, "Maybe even some of the other students too."

Raven yawns and I say, "You should get some sleep. I'm glad you liked the surprise."

I watch as she crawls into bed before I exit the room.

****Raven's POV****

3 days later.****

I can't stop thinking about Henry. He was looking at me while I was changing! Plus, I'm pregnant. That's really creepy.

Could it just be my imagination? I ask myself. No. I'm positive that he was looking at me. He doesn't seem like the type of guy who'd do that, though.

I scold myself for thinking too much. I'm overreacting.

My mind moves from one unfortunate topic to another- I'm starting to show. A few students are already looking at me differently when I walk by- especially Otto, Laura, Shelby, and Nigel. Franz too, but he's different. I don't know how, he just is.

More people are watching me than usual, however, so I'm assuming more has spread overnight. It's not a feeling I'm comfortable with. I'm used to working in the shadows; I should start climbing on the ceiling- like I did when I was Otto's bodyguard during his first year.

As soon as I see an empty hallway that's exactly what I do. I move back out to the busy hallway using the pipes. It's amazing how no one ever looks up.

I get to Max's office and pull open the door, only to find him in a meeting with Colonel Francisco. "Should I come back later?" I ask him.

"No," he replies, "I could use your input on the situation at hand."

"What's up?" I lean against the door and fold my arms over my chest.

"One of the Henchman seems to be too clever and intelligent to continue in the Henchman stream. It's his third year but we're considering bumping him up to the Alphas," Max explains.

"If his mental capacity is too great for the Henchman stream you should send him up. I'm sure he'll be thrilled about that," I tell them.

"I'll continue watching him and get back to you," Colonel Francisco

says as he leaves the office.

"You can't lock me up like this, Max," I frown. "I'm going to kill myself if I have nothing to do for the next seven and a half months."

"Maybe you could start teaching some of the smarter Henchman and fit Alphas lessons like you give Wing. You could probably do that for a month," he replies after thinking for a moment.

"It's a start."

"Fine. I'll work on it."

****Yes, I know. This was a pathetic ending. The rest of the chapter was good though so please review!****

8. Chapter 8

****Raven's POV****

"Trinity, I am giving you clear hits! You have to take them!" I order. Shelby has been one of my more difficult new students. I'll give her clear openings and she doesn't take them. All she does is dodges. "If you don't attack this training will not be beneficial to either of us!"

"I'm sorry," she exclaims, "I just can't bring myself to hit a pregnant woman!"

I stop and motion for her to sit down. "I'm going to tell you what I told Wing," I say to her. "As long as you don't aim for my abdomen I'll be fine. That still leaves you many possible places to make contact. You have the ankles, the knees, the thighs, the crotch, the hips, the sides, the wrists, the shoulders, and the head." I motion to everything as I say it. "And you can still make contact with my abdomen if you restrain in the last second like I do when I'm instructing."

"It still seems wrong," she argues.

"Do you want to know what's really wrong? When the Furans were training me the rule everyone lived by was if you fight, you get food, shelter, and warmth. If you don't, you get a dislocated jaw, three cracked ribs, a broken ankle, a black eye, kitchen duty, and a lack of food," I tell her.

"Wow," Shelby mutters.

"Exactly. Are you ready to start? Actual fighting this time?" I ask.

After this it is better. She gets in a few punches and kicks and by the end of the lesson we're both satisfied.

I go to the medical bay and wave at Henry when I see him. I've dismissed what happened last time as nothing of importance. He leads me to another room and I change into the hospital gown. Henry looks at me again.

I lie down on the bed and pull the blanket up to my waist. Henry pulls up the gown and puts some blue gel-like stuff on my belly. He does a few other tests before telling me the baby is still healthy and I can go.

This time he actually stares at me so I walk away quickly. I run in to Max in the hallway and he asks, "How'd it go?"

I shrug and he looks at me. "What are you hiding from me, Natalya?"

"It doesn't matter," I tell him.

"It matters to me."

"I just think that Henry's a bit of a pervert," I swiftly inform him, "That's all."

"Why do you think that?" Nero continues to pry.

"Because he looks at me when I'm changing," I murmur.

"WHAT!?"

"Max, it doesn't matter! He's a good doctor! I'm an attractive person. He probably doesn't even realize it," I growl.

"It's not you in particular I'm worried about. What if he does it to other female students? We can't let that happen," Max says.

I shrug and keep walking. I hate it when he gets like that and he knows it. Someone ought to teach him not to mess with a pregnant woman.

****Nero's POV****

"Do you understand?" I ask Henry.

"Yes, of course," he reassures me. "I'm so sorry. I didn't even realize it. I can promise you it won't happen again."

"See to it that it does not." I walk away, feeling satisfied with the conversation.

I got the feeling that Raven was annoyed me. I wonder what I did. I decide to ask her.

I head straight to her rooms and knock on the door but there's no answer. She's probably training.

I walk down there and I see her finishing up a lesson with one of the Henchman. "Raven," I call after she dismisses him. "A word?"

She hurries over and I continue, "Why were you annoyed with me?"

"Because, Max, you always get in my business. I have a life too! I need some privacy and I'm perfectly capable of dealing with stressful

situations on my own," she hisses.

"You didn't tell me that you were pregnant until you were one and a half months along. How do you expect me to trust you?" I question.

"You did not just say that!" she looks like she's contemplating whether or not to hit me. In the end, she slaps me in the face and storms off.

"Natalya! I was making a valid argument!" I yell at her back. Most of the faces in the room turn to us.

She spins around. "We'll discuss this later!" she growls. "But for now, this conversation is over!"

****Yes, I know it's short. I'm sorry but I was having trouble with this chapter. Anyway, I posted a poll on my profile! It's for what Raven and Nero's baby will be named! Please vote and review!****

9. Chapter 9

****Nero's POV****

Hormones. That's it. That's all it is. But . . . is she right? I do have a tendency to shelter her. Is it even possible that she's right?

Deep down, I know the answer. Yes. What was I thinking? She's the world's deadliest assassin! She can take care of herself. Even if she's pregnant.

I quickly get to her rooms and yell, "I was wrong. I'm sorry."

"You can come in," she shouts to me.

I slide open the door and hear the sound of the shower running so I sit in her chair and wait. She comes out a few minutes later with a bright green towel wrapped around her.

"Where's my outfit?" she asks me. "It was on the bed when I went to take my shower."

I get out of the chair and say, "I didn't see anything. Maybe you accidentally put it in the wash. I've done that a few times."

"Damn it," she curses. "I don't have anything else to wear! Will you go get me something from the storage closet?"

"I can't," I tell her. "I have a class in . . ." I look at my watch and hop up. "TWO MINUTES!" I run out the door and call to Raven, "Good luck finding an outfit."

****Raven's POV****

I wrap my towel tightly around me and pull myself up to the pipes. Using the pipes as transportation is bad enough but it's even worse in a towel. If anyone looks up they can see my ass.

I stumble at a rough spot and my leg slips out into the hallway. Some girl in Science and Technology stream shrieks and I retract my leg and melt into the shadows. She catches a glimpse of my towel and runs away.

I quietly swear in Russian. I better pick up my pace.

****Nero's POV****

"Dr. Nero," Chief Lewis knocks on the door of the classroom. "May I speak with you?"

"Of course," I gesture for him to come in and then turn to the rest of the class, "Read chapter 7. I expect you to be silent."

I walk into the hallway and Chief Lewis says, "Justice Gunning just came and told my something strange. She said she saw a leg hanging from the ceiling and a flash of bright green. I don't know what to tell her."

"I'll handle that," I tell him, chuckling to myself. "Inform Ms. Gunning that it is being taken care of and she has nothing to worry about."

"Yes, sir," he turns and walks away and I pull out my Blackbox, smiling.

I press on of the buttons on my homescreen Natalya's image pops up. She's crawling on top of the pipes in her towel. "I'm kind of in the middle of something," she mutters.

"Ms. Gunning just told Chief Lewis that she saw a leg and a flash of green," I inform her, "Try to prevent that from happening."

"Sorry, Max, but incase you haven't noticed I'm a tad off my game, thanks to you. Plus, this is a lot harder than it looks! I'm wearing a damn towel!" she hisses.

"Just be careful," I say and turn off my Blackbox..

I go back into the classroom and sit at my desk until the bell rings. "Finish reading chapter 7 tonight," I instruct, "You are dismissed."

****Raven's POV****

I drop silently in front of the supply closet door and open it. Inside I grab one of my custom made black jumpsuits. It's not at all like the Alpha jumpsuits though. It's tight and parts of it are shaded gray. There are pockets running along the hips so I can easily grab something if necessary and there's a grappler strapped to the side.

I ditch the towel and walk out of the supply closet, feeling much better about myself. I check the time and head to the training area so I can train with a Henchman. I don't like training with them. They just attack so mercilessly that it makes me drowsy.

Today, I'm training with some guy named Kick. He aims a kick right at my abdomen and I catch his foot and flip him over. "Not there," I

hiss.

He rolls his eyes at me and suddenly, I feel all of my anger build up. I put my foot on his neck and press down. "Just don't," I growl. I remove my foot from his neck and he crawls back up.

"This training is over. Go," I order.

He walks away and I practice some acrobatics. I hear someone clear their throat behind me and I spin around.

"What do you need?" I ask him.

"Come with me," he orders and I follow.

I need someone to vote on the poll. No one has so far! So please vote and review!

10. Chapter 10

Raven's POV

"This isn't funny," I tell him. "Where the hell are we going?"

"To Nero's office," Colonel Francisco informs me.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me that?!" I ask.

"Because what he needs to tell you is very important and very private," Colonel Francisco informs me.

"And so he sent you to summon me," I raise my eyebrows.

"I'm just doing as I was instructed," he says. "He wanted speak with you and he sent me to get you."

"Why didn't he call me on my Blackbox?" I question.

"I DON'T KNOW!" he shouts, "WOULD YOU JUST SHUT UP AND COME WITH ME!"

I glare at him but do as he says. When I enter Max's office I ask, "What is so important that you couldn't call me on my-"

I stop short when I see the look on his face. It's a mixture between shocked and frightened. I sit in the chair on the other side of his desk and make my voice gentle, "Max, what happened?"

"She's back, Natalya. She didn't die."

"Who?" I ask, "Who didn't die?"

"_Her_," I realize his voice has a quality that he only gets when he's talking about one person.

I gasp and shake my head, "A- Anastasia?" He nods and I fall out of my chair. "How!?" I question, "I saw her die!"

"She's back."

I think for a minute before announcing, "I'll go kill her. What will I need?"

"You will do no such thing," he orders. "You are five months along in your pregnancy. I know I'm sheltering you but this is Anastasia we're talking about. Now I have you and the baby to lose. I can't lose you both."

"Max, do you expect me to just sit here and do nothing while she roams the streets!? I want her dead," I shout.

"Natalya, I want her dead just as much as you do! But I want you alive more than I want her dead," he yells back at me.

"If you don't think of something I can do, I will steal a Shroud and go find her myself," I threaten.

This brings him up short. "Fine, for the next six months, you can be co-chief of security for H.I.V.E. for the next six months. I know she won't be able to break in if you and Chief Lewis are in charge."

"Why can't this goddamn baby be growing inside of you!?" I scream but I instantly regret it. I look at my now large stomach and make my baby voice, "Mommy didn't mean that, baby. Mommy just got frustrated with Daddy. Mommy loves you _very _much. Daddy is the one who has been making Mommy angry lately." _I have been fighting with him a lot. Is this whole thing worth it? _I know the answer. _Yes._

****Nero's POV****

"Natalya? I'm sorry that I'm putting you in this position. I just know that I wouldn't be able to go on if I lost you and you're unstable right now," I let my heart out.

"Should I leave?" Colonel Francisco asks.

"You're still here?" I look up. "Well then, yes. You should go."

He walks out and Raven does something completely unexpected. She kisses me. I love nothing more than the feel of her lips against mine.

She pulls away. "I'll do the security thing. But you have to promise me that once this baby is six months I can live my life again. Same as I used to."

"You know as well as I do that you won't be able to do all the things you used to do but yes. Most of the things I will still let you do."

"Thank you," she smiles and turns to leave.

"Wait!" I call. "We need to talk about something else."

"What?" she sits back down in the chair. "Is anyone else from our past coming back to haunt us?"

"No," I chuckle. "We need to think about baby names."

"I haven't really put any thought into it," she says. "I don't want to do a really common name like Sarah or Mary, but other than that I don't really care."

"I agree," I tell her. "I've come up with five names we could chose from- Liliana, Christi, Tamara, Hope, and Hunter."

"I like all of those names," she replies. "But we have four months to decide. How 'bout wee think about it for a while?"

"Sounds like a fine idea."

I fixed the poll so it appears at the top of my profile. Right now there's a three way tie for first place and I need more votes. So please vote and review!

11. Chapter 11

Nero's POV

The door to my office swings open and Raven steps in. "Okay," she starts, "Now that we only have one month to go, I think we should narrow it down to two possible names. Oh, hello Professor."

"Raven," he nods at her.

"Should I come back later?" she asks.

"No. We were just finishing up," I inform her. "Can you wait a minute?"

She nods and melts into the shadows. It really creeps me out when she does that. "Back to my last statement, Theodore," I continue, "I trust you to deal with this easily. You may leave."

Pike nods and exits the office. Raven steps out of her hiding place and sits in the chair. "As I was saying, I think we should figure out the actual name of the baby the day she's born but we should narrow down the options. What are your two favorite names out of the five we've agreed on?"

"I like . . . Liliana and Tamara," I tell her.

"Really?" she asks. "I was thinking Hunter and Hope."

"Well, that means Christi's out," I cross the name Christi off the list I made and suggest, "How about we pick the name we like most?"

"Okay," she scratches her head, thinking. "I guess I like Hunter more than Hope."

"I like Liliana more than Tamara," I scratch out Hope and Tamara too.

"So, I guess that's it." She turns to leave, then pauses. "I- I love you."

"I love you too." And with that, she leaves the room.

****Raven's POV****

I take a deep breath as I shut the door. It's just three words. It doesn't matter. But I know it does. I know that those words mean far more than they should.

I walk down the hall and try to act calm. Deep breaths, I remind myself. I don't function properly when I'm shaken up.

Suddenly, I feel someone grab me from behind and start to say, "What the f--"

A damp rag covers my mouth and I feel myself losing oxygen. Someone grabs my wrists and I fight against him but I can't.

That's when everything goes black.

****Drama! Okay so this story will probably only have four or five more chapters but I'm going to make a sequel. Sorry if you voted for one of the names that got kicked out but I went with the names that had the most votes so far. The poll will be opened until the end of the story.****

12. Chapter 12

****Raven's POV****

My eyelids feel heavy but I slowly open them. I find myself in a dark room, chained to a wall. I can't see anything more than a few feet in front of me. I look over my shoulder for my katanas but see nothing but the wall. I suddenly remember that Pike borrowed them a few days ago to try and make a replica. I curse under my breath.

"What the hell am I doing here!?" I shout into the darkness. "It's really pissing me off and you don't want me to get pissed off!"

I hear a horribly familiar chuckle. "You." My voice has a venom in it that I reserve for two people- and one of them is dead.

"Yes, Raven, it's me," she steps into the few feet that I can see. "And this time I'm going to kill you."

"Good to know," I growl, "So what are you waiting for?"

"Oh, I can't kill you know! I'm going to kill you in about ten years. Now, I'm just going to wait until your little accident is born and then we let you go," Anastasia says and I clench my fists. "Think about it, Natalya. One very important G.L.O.V.E. leader and another valuable G.L.O.V.E. tool as parents- I could use the little freak as a bargaining tool.

"Only two people know the father of the baby. How do you know that you're right about it?" I question.

"You really are stupid, aren't you? I have a G.L.O.V.E. insider. I had him set up video cameras everywhere. In every room."

"How long ago did you do that?" I ask, suddenly feeling shy.

She laughs again. "Two years. _Every single room_."

"How did you hide it from H.I.V. ?" I ask her.

"I can't tell you all of my secrets," she smiles sadistically at me.

"So, when my child is born, you're just going to leave me on the street? And take my baby away from me?" I hear my voice rising.

"Oh no. Not immediately anyway. Our insider watched some of the tapes and he's . . . a bit of a pervert. I told him that he could have you for a day after the baby is born.

"Thanks for making me sound like such a good guy," a sarcastic voice says from the darkness.

"Oh, Henry. How did I know it was you?"

****Nero's POV****

"What do you mean she's gone? She's eight months pregnant! She can't just disappear!" I yell.

"I'm sorry, sir, but she isn't in H.I.V.E. right now. We have someone checking all the tapes," Chief Lewis informs me.

"Is there anyone else who just happened to vanish?!" I interrogate him.

"Actually, yes. One of the doctors- Henry Wimes- is also gone," Chief Lewis replies.

"I knew she shouldn't trust him! I just knew it," I exclaim, "But she refused to believe me."

"Dr. Nero, may I ask you a question?" Chief Lewis asks carefully. I nod and he continues, "Why is she so important to you? I know you care about her like a daughter but she isn't actually your daughter."

"Oh, she's more than that!" I try to take deep breaths but end up just pacing.

"How?"

"She's carrying my goddamn baby!" I shout at him and with that, the room goes silent.

"I found a tape!" someone yells and I walk over to her.

She plays it and I see five people in black uniforms come up behind her. They grab her and put a cloth over her face. A woman stands behind them. A woman that I recognize too well. "Anastasia."

****I think this was a pretty good chapter. Happy 2013 everybody!
Please review!****

13. Chapter 13

****Nero's POV****

Three weeks. Three weeks and they've found no information on Anastasia's location. Her due date is on Friday. Now, it's Sunday.

Chief Lewis opens my office door and looks like he's proud of himself. "We found something," he tells me.

I get up and follow him to the most secretive part of H.I.V.E.- the basement. Why we have a basement, considering we are in a volcano, I have no idea. But we do.

I sit in the headmaster's chair and wait to be informed. "We think we may have found Anastasia's location."

"Well, where is it?" I ask impatiently.

"Russia," he replies.

"I assumed that, do you have a more specific location?"

"The basement of an 'abandoned' building in Moscow," he tells me.

"Moscow has an abundance of abandoned buildings. Can you be more specific?" I crack my knuckles impatiently.

"We've narrowed it down to two different buildings. We're going to start with the one in southern Moscow. They're preparing the hovercraft now."

I get up from my chair and head towards the hangar bay. "Let's move, people."

****Raven's POV****

I've been stuck in this hellhole for twenty days. My baby is due in less than a week. She has to stay inside me until Max gets here.

I am so hungry. I haven't eaten in thirteen hours and I'm pregnant. I think I could turn to cannibalism if I don't get some food soon.

"If I don't get some goddamn food right now, I will murder you!" I lose my temper.

One of the guards comes in with half a ham sandwich. "You think this is food for a woman who's nine months pregnant?" I snap at him in Russian. "I _will _kill you."

He takes a step away but holds the sandwich out so I can bite it. I hate being chained to a wall. I quickly consume the sandwich and the guard leaves.

"You just have to stay inside Mommy a bit longer. Than you can join the horrible world we live in."

****I think this story will end in two chapters. The sequel is gonna be about the child as she grows up. Please review!****

14. Chapter 14

****Nero's POV****

"Well, that was a bust," Chief Lewis frowns as the team comes out of the building.

"How far is the other building?" I ask him.

"About thirty minutes," he replies.

"Move," I order, "We need to get there now!"

"Understood," Chief Lewis nods and the last of the rescue team files into the Shroud. I sit anxiously in the passenger's compartment until we land.

"I'm going in," I stand up as the rescue team is getting ready.

Chief Lewis raises his eyebrows at me. "Max, I know you used to do field missions a lot but you are quite a bit older now. I don't think this is a good idea."

"I went in during zero hour. I want to do this," I say persistently.

"Raven stabbed you through the stomach. It didn't exactly work out well," Chief Lewis unhelpfully reminds me. "You have to think about her. It would slow them down."

I sigh, knowing he's right. "Fine, but if they aren't out in ten minutes, I'm going in."

"That's fair," Chief Lewis says, "Now we wait."

****Raven's POV****

I feel a blinding pain in my uterus and grit my teeth. This has been happening for six hours, now. According to the internet, this could happen near the end.

Suddenly, I hear one of my guards scream and I hear him hit the ground. I lean forward, ready for whatever enemy is coming

I see a flash of purple and the chains are cut off my wrist and ankles. "I believe these are yours," a Chinese man tosses me my katanas and I smile. I missed these girls.

I jump up from my chair and exit my cell into chaos. There are fights going on everywhere and it seems evenly matched. I slice one of my former guards and he falls to the ground, dead. I continue on like this with every one of Anastasia's people I see.

Across the room, I spot Henry fighting with a tall, white man and

he's winning. I get the blinding pain again but ignore it as I run across the room. I slide my katana into his back and drag upward. He makes a horrible sound when I turn my sword to blunt and twist it. I yank it out and he falls over backwards.

"I trusted you," I hiss. I spit on his face before turning to the man he was fighting.

"Thanks," he mutters. "I was losing."

"I know."

I switch my blades back to my favorite setting as a female voice calls out, "Move out, everyone! Take out anyone who tries to stop you!"

The pain goes away and I head in the direction everyone else is going. It feels good to see the light of day after being stuck in that basement for so long. Getting in the Shroud feels even better.

****Nero's POV****

"Raven," I call when I see her walk through the door.

"Max!" She smiles and I pull her into a hug.

"You're so-" she cuts me off.

"Fat," she kisses my cheek.

"I was going to say thin. At this state in your pregnancy, you should have much more fat in your arms and legs! What were they feeding you?"

She chuckles. "Not enough."

"We'll get you some food as soon as we get back to H.I.V.E.," I assure her.

A look of paranoia spreads across her face. "Uh . . . Max," she starts.

"Dr. Nero, we should be arriving at H.I.V.E. in a few hours," Chief Lewis informs me. "Is there anything you want them to set up?"

"Max," Raven tries to get me to listen to her again.

"A large meal," I say and gesture to Raven. "Look at her she's practically skin and bones."

"Max, I-"

"Do you want anything right now. Water? Coke? Apple cid-"

"MAX! IF YOU WOULD SHUT THE HELL UP AND LISTEN TO ME I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO SAY!"

Chief Lewis and I are silent. She continues, "We need to go to the

nearest hospital."

"Why? Are you hurt? The nearest G.L.O.V.E. hospital is an hour away," I tell her.

"I can't make it, Max," she grimaces. "My water just broke and I'm pretty sure I've been having contractions for the past six hours."

****Next chapter is the last chapter! The poll is still open and it's really close so if you haven't voted, go to my profile and vote! Please review!****

15. Chapter 15

****Nero's POV****

"_Labor?_" I exclaim as I look at Raven. "But you're not due until Friday!"

"Max," she growls, "This baby is coming within one hour and I am not giving birth on a Shroud!"

"Natalya, we can't go to a real hospital! They'll make us do paperwork, they'll ask questions, we'll have to get a birth certificate," I reason with her.

"So, you are trying to get me to have a child in a Shroud medical bay with a doctor who knows nothing about childbirth and all the injured from the rescue team surrounding me," she raises her eyebrows at me.

"Please, Natalya," I practically beg.

She sighs loudly and then her eyes fill with pain. She's probably having another contraction. "Fine," she cries out in pain and I grab her arm. "We're going to the medical bay, _now_!"

****Raven's POV****

I hate this. If you think you know pain then you should try having a nine pound baby struggling to come out of your ass.

"Remember the breathing techniques we found on google," Max reminds me. "1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2-"

"SHUT UP!" I scream at him as a horrible contraction ripples through my body. Max wipes the sweat off my forehead with a rag.

"I think it's time to push," the doctor says nervously. She obviously has no idea what she's doing.

"ARRRRRRGGGGG," I scream as the baby begins to come out.

"Breathe," Max instructs, "Always remember to breathe."

"I am breathing," I growl at him. "If I wasn't breathing I'd be _dead_!"

"Just a minute more," the doctor informs me and I grit my teeth.

I hear crying and I finally exhale. The doctor shines a light in the baby's eyes and claims, "I think she's healthy."

A cheer spreads throughout the medical bay and the doctor wipes the blood off and wraps my daughter in a blanket. She hands my baby to me and I cradle her against my chest.

"I am never, ever doing this again," I mutter. "This was like going through hell and back . . . but it was worth it."

Max chuckles and takes the baby from me. "We never did decide on a name," I inform him.

"Hunter. The name grew on me. She's gonna be just like you," he kisses our daughter's forehead.

"Hopefully, she won't be _just _like me. I want her to be an Alpha when she's old enough," she smiles at me. "Not a Henchman."

"You would've been an Alpha if you'd gone to H.I.V.E.," Max tells me and I roll my eyes.

He's about to argue with me when a sullen look appears on my face. "Max," I start, "Anastasia told me that she would kill me in ten years. She seemed like she wanted revenge and would do anything to get it. Plus, she has video cameras in _every_ room. H.I.V.E. needs to relocate."

"We will, Natalya," Max pushes the hair out of my face. "We'll make it work."

The first chapter in the sequel will be up in a few minutes. It's called Because of Hunter Nero. If you voted for Liliana, Hope, or Tamara, I'm really sorry! I had to go with the name that had the most votes! Please review! I hope you enjoyed the story.

End
file.